Never Forgotten

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by Murder_Cupcake

Summary

Hannibal has problems with a spirit haunting his house, so he calls an expert - a ghost hunter, Will Graham. Will thinks it's just another day of work, dealing with paranormal stuff. Neither expected the outcome.

Notes

Hannictober, day 25 - Spirits. This is a little bit different from what I usually write, but I hope people enjoy nonetheless!

"So, what exactly is the problem?", Will said, after entering Hannibal's house and looking around. He couldn't imagine spirits haunting a place like that, but exceptions existed.

"There is some sort of supernatural entity here", Hannibal sighed. Will wanted to say "obviously, or else you wouldn't have called me", but this time he managed to hold back his sarcastic tongue. Instead, he asked Hannibal to continue.

"It's nothing serious, but absolutely annoying", he crossed his arms, "it hides some objects, breaks others, and sometimes I hear noises, like footsteps or something running on the floor, mostly at night."

"I see", Will seemed to think, "did it ever try to hurt you in some way?"

"Never", Hannibal looked relieved.

"That's good", Will said, "it isn't a malevolent spirit, then. Which will make things easier", Will took a small notebook from his bag and wrote down the information he got. "Can you show me where did you hear the footsteps, please?"

"Of course", and then, Hannibal led Will through his house. Will observed everything as they walked, trying to notice a detail that could help him. They stopped in a corridor, in front of a door.

"This is my bedroom's door, the sounds came from this corridor", Hannibal said.

"Hm", Will crouched, touching the floor, searching for remnants of supernatural activities. Will had a great sixth sense, as they liked to say, which, combined with the fact that he was a psychic, made him an excellent paranormal investigator. As soon as he touched the floor, he felt something. A sort of energy. "Well, you're lucky. Indeed, the entity isn't evil. It has more like... a playful energy. It's joking around with you", Will stood up.

"That's great, but I would appreciate it if it stopped."

"Sure", Will smiled, "You aren't afraid, are you?"

"Of course not", Hannibal replied, "but I would prefer not to be haunted."

"I'm joking, don't worry", Will smiled. "I need one night. When it starts to act, I'll get into action."

"Thank you", Hannibal said, gently. "Would you mind if I sleep in your living room?", Will asked, again writing down in his notebook.

"I think it would be more appropriate if you slept in my bedroom", Hannibal said, calm. "Since it's from here that I listen to the noises."

Will remained silent for a few seconds.

"Unless you feel uncomfortable, which I understand."

"No, no", Will said, "you're right."

"Marvelous", Hannibal smiled, "now let me prepare dinner for us."

Will nodded, and they went to the dining room. Will stayed at the table while Hannibal was in the kitchen preparing dinner. He started to feel the same sensation; a playful energy, filled with... happiness? And somehow, love. Will couldn't explain, but he was used to not being able to explain the things he was feeling, especially when it was related to the job he had.

In any case, soon Hannibal entered the dining room with a silver platter and put it on the table.

"I apologize for the simple meal, this whole situation is making me feel quite distressed", Hannibal said as he sat down.

Will wanted to say "are you kidding me?", because the simple meal had nothing to do with simple. Will was starving, eating without saying a single word. When they finished, Will finally broke the ice: "It was delicious, thank you so much", he sounded more energetic.

"My pleasure", Hannibal smiled.

They decided to talk a little bit until the time arrived, about trivial things that had nothing to do with the current situation. After a while, Hannibal looked at his watch and decided that they should go upstairs. Will couldn't help but feel nervous, it was the first time he shared a bed with someone in a work night, and the first time in a while that he shared a bed at all.

Besides, Hannibal was attractive, he couldn't deny, and this contributed to his nervousness and the increase of his heartbeats. They entered the bedroom, Hannibal settled the bed and they laid down, dressed the same way they were. Of course, none of them intended to sleep, but it didn't mean they'd talk. Hannibal noticed Will was concentrated to feel anything related to the entity, things that maybe Hannibal himself couldn't feel.

Will, touch-starved as he was, felt shy, perhaps even blushing due to the proximity to the other man, feeling his warmth next to him. They didn't know how much time passed, but soon Will felt the energy, stronger than ever.

Slow footsteps began outside the door, and Will could hear little giggles. The footsteps got faster, and Hannibal sat on the bed, being followed by Will. The spirit was running through the corridor, and Will stood up, slowly walking to the door. Hannibal tried to follow him, but was prevented as Will put a finger above his lips, asking for silence and for Hannibal to stay in the bedroom, because he could make the spirit run away before Will could contact it.

Will opened the door, and saw a small, weak light at the end of the dark corridor. He proceeded to walk slowly, approaching it carefully. He stopped at the middle of the corridor, and crouched, patiently waiting for the spirit to get closer. The light vanished and Will sighed. However, he felt a touch on his shoulder, which made him abruptly turn around. Another childish giggle and sounds of footsteps. Will smiled.

"Hello", he said, "I'm not going to hurt you. I know you want to play, but I want to help you. You can't stay here forever."

He felt another touch, no giggles.

Meanwhile, Hannibal was in his bedroom, trying to distinguish what Will was saying. Suddenly, all the sounds stopped, including the talking. He decided to go out, curiosity at its peak. He saw Will crouched, whispering. Will noticed Hannibal, and turned around with a smile.

"Hannibal, it's a child. She spent years and years looking for you and now she's trapped, unable to move on", Will said, "I think she wants to make contact with you, or at least have you to acknowledge her, so she finally can rest in peace."

Hannibal frowned, genuinely confused. "I don't understand why the spirit of a child would search for me...", Hannibal said, then he paused.

Will noticed that Hannibal's expression changed, he seemed to be impacted.

"She said her name was-", Will began but was interrupted.

"Mischa", Hannibal murmured.

"She's happy you remembered her", Will said.

"I've never forgotten", Hannibal's voice was quickly filled with emotion.

"She said", Will happily chuckled, "she said you've always been a great brother. She misses you", Will was being taken over by their feelings and his own.

Hannibal's eyes were filled with tears. Will's too, though he was smiling.

"She can go now", Will said, touched. He got up and stood in front of Hannibal.

Then, all of a sudden, he hugged him, embracing him tightly.

"She asked me to do this for her", Will whispered. Hannibal returned the hug, crying.

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